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THE

Old Women Weatherwise.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Old Women Weatherwise.

THE

Old Women Weatherwiſe,

AN

INTERLUDE;

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

Printed for S. BLADON, N°. 28, Paternoſter-Row, 1770.

[Price 6*d.*]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CRAMP.	Mr. HARTRY.
TWITCH.	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
RHEUM.	Mrs. DORMAN.

THE

Old Women Weatherwiſe,

Enter TWITCH *and* CRAMP.

TWITCH.

GOOD-morrow neighbour, how do you do?

CRAMP.

Good-morrow, goody Twitch, to you.

TWITCH.

'Tis ſorry weather, neighbour Cramp.

CRAMP.

Ah! very dirty, very damp.

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

By the gnawing in my ſhoulder,
Before we are a fortnight older,
I fear we worſe and worſe ſhall ſee.

CRAMP.

Ah! that we ſhall, for my poor knee
Twitches and throbs, and gives me pain;
Depend upon't it brings us rain.

TWITCH.

Nay, I muſt differ from you there.
I rather think it will be fair;
For by the burning in my toe,
And by this corn of mine——oh!—oh!—
Good lack a-day! it makes me ſweat—
Oh! the burning and the heat!
Beſides, my cat ſo whiſk'd about,
Up ſtairs and down made ſuch a rout——
And that's a ſign I always find,
That brings us either froſt or wind.

CRAMP.

CRAMP.

God ſend a change, then, very ſoon!
And! if we judge it by the Moon,
The new one that appear'd laſt night,
Lay on her back and ſhone ſo bright,
That, I aſſure you, on my word,
She looks as ſharp as any ſword.

TWITCH.

What ſays old Sodo?—He has learning,
And, has beſide, a quick diſcerning;
He ſoon cou'd tell, ſhould he but look
Into his fortune-telling book.

CRAMP.

I ſaw him ſcarce three nights ago;
But then he terrified me ſo,
I could not reſt all night in bed,
His ſtory ran ſo in my head.
Sometimes he called the Moon a punk,

And ſaid that Neptune made her drunk,
And that ſhe tippled greedily,
Upon the ſpring-tides of the ſea;——
One night (this great fore-teller ſaid)
The Moon was getting into bed,
And in her reelings had the lot,
To break her chryſtal chamber pot;
That he attributes one great reaſon,
Why we have had ſo wet a ſeaſon.

TWITCH.

Nay, I myſelf have ſeen her riſe,
With ſanguine noſe and blood-ſhot eyes!
Sometimes, indeed, I've ſeen her ſhroud
Her head in ſhame behind a cloud.——
Say, what's the reaſon?——

CRAMP.

Why, I think,
As Sodo ſays, the Moon muſt drink.

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

If that indeed, ſhould be the caſe,
I think ſhe's wiſe to hide her face.

CRAMP.

Once I remember, it was told,
When I was ſcarcely nine years old;
The earth had been all flooded o'er,
For ſix and thirty days and more;
'Twas the opinion of the wiſe,
Who knew the motion of the ſkies,
The Moon had turn'd her turvy-topſy,
And drank herſelf into a dropſy;
The reaſons given were moſt various:
Some ſaid the archer Sagittarius,
As he one night was paſſing by,
He let a bearded arrow fly;
And to this day ſome folks will tell ye,
He hit the Moon plump in the belly;
Which tapping her, for five weeks a'ter,
She teemed upon the earth her water.

Other gave out it was her grief,
And that ſuits moſt with my belief;
For now too plainly it appears,
She means to drown us with her tears.

TWITCH.

But here comes neighbour Rheum I vow,
Who wears a very thoughtful brow;
I wonder where my lady's been,
She ſhakes her head; what can ſhe mean?

Enter RHEUM.

RHEUM.

Goodies, I'm glad to ſee ye——
Health and happineſs be wi'ye!

TWITCH.

What news? What news?

RHEUM.

RHEUM.

Sad news, alas!
If what I've heard ſhould come to paſs.

CRAMP.

What have you heard?

RHEUM.

Nay I've ſeen,
A wonder where I lately been;
For, coming home at twelve laſt night,
I ſaw a moſt alarming ſight;
No good to this world it portends—
No—that I can aſſure ye friends.——

TWITCH.

Good lack! you ſpeak and look ſo bitter,
It ſets me in a horrid twitter;
My toothleſs gums together chatter,
I want, yet fear, to know the matter.

RHEUM.

Well, well—I'll tell ye all about it—
I'll tell ye truth—ye need not doubt it.—
Laſt night I ſaw a flaming comet!
Good gracious heav'n keep us from it!

TWITCH.

A comet!—Pray what ſays our friend?

RHEUM.

He ſays the world is near an end:
And I believe his ſaying's right—
Oh! what a ſtriking, awful ſight!
For ſuch a ſwinging tail it bore,
I never ſaw the like before.
Nay more—he ſays—(but that between us)—
'Twill ſinge the bum of madam Venus!
And what is worſe——we're all undone——
'Twill tumble us into the ſun.

TWITCH.

TWITCH.

Have mercy on us all I ſay,
And grant we ne'er may ſee that day!

RHEUM.

Methinks we hold this theme too long,
What ſay ye, goodies, to a ſong.

CRAMP.

With all my heart, and I'll begin,
Tho' I can't ſing now worth a pin.

SONG.

O lack-a-day! O lack-a-day!
What ſhall I do, what ſhall I ſay?
Come never think,
But let us drink,
'Till we have waſh'd our ſins away.

Then let it ſnow,
Or let it blow, [*Pulls a bottle out of her pocket.*
When we are lin'd with brandy O!
For if we die,
'Twixt you and I,
We have a weary jaunt to go.
[*They dance the hays, and then all drink.*

RHEUM.

When the horrors grow too ſtrong,
There's nothing kills 'em like a ſong.

CRAMP.

When ſong and dance will not prevail,
And all your wiſe preſcriptions fail ——

TWITCH.

At ſuch a time, 'tis very handy,
To have hard by a little brandy.

SONG.

SONG.

TWITCH, *with the bottle in her hand.*

Wet the other eye,
Wet the other eye,
Let's be jolly,
Melancholly
Is a folly;
Then refrain—
'Tis in vain
To complain,
Let us wet the other eye. [*Drinks.*

CRAMP.

Wou'd I had lived in David's days,
Or when the pious poet ſays
The prieſt were wont their horns to blow—

RHEUM.

Ah! we had been in heaven now!

SONG.

SONG.

Pſha! pſha! what does it ſignify,
Whether to-day or to-morrow it prove;
Since we are all of us ſure to die,
Let us enjoy the paſſion we love.

Come let's have a noggin, my goodies, a noggin,
Come let's have a noggin to chear up the heart;
Give me a good cordial, for we muſt be jogging,
Let's toſs off a bumper before we depart.

[*Exeunt ſinging.*

N. B. *At the concluſion of every ſong, they amble the hays together, to the tune they have ſung.*

FINIS.